Where lately Beaven's cernlean bended, And sunlight all the earth was fleeding. The lightning-flash just now illumines The tempest yexed and raging river. And thunder's voice, it is unadened human

Jars on the ears with angry quiver. Young maple leaves, all green and tender, In whitened masses wave inverted, And startled wild birds seek to render

Aid to their birdlings disconcerted. Quick-quicker-come the blinding flashes And the thunder peals are mingling madly And o'er the house-roof wildly dashes Rain's rearing voice exulting gladly.

Faint-fainter now, the tempest's ending, In slow approaches, cometh surely Like blessings Heaven, to sometimes sendi More slowly, sends the more scenrely.

Along the Western hill-tops quiet Is full restored, and stars are peeping In timid faintness, and rude riot Is locked in Order's kingly keeping. Lo! Now on yonder Earth is gleaming Pale Sirius; and in swift succession,

Resume their visible procession. And when the night's mysterious curtain Shall lifted be, the sunlight's glory Shall come, and with a history certain Repeat to day's brief sunshine story.

Henven's starry bosts, with banners streaming

IN A MOMENT OF PIQUE.

Knoxville, Tenn.

BELLE HARRY.

"You'r too good a fellow to be trifled with, Allan," said Charley Leonard in a tone of measured confidence "I hate to see a woman make a fool of

you, and Nyra Lindsey—"
"What makes you think she's making a fool of me?" Allan asked, in a quiet way that quite concealed the depth of his feelings.

My dear boy, you must look at these things in a common-sense light. Miss Lindsey is an heiress-the richest girl in Cambridge; you are-" "What?"

"Well, you know very well, Allan, that from a worldly point of view, you are poor, like myself!"

"I have a few thousands; Charley and then, there's my profession. I could suport a wife comfortably on my income. I have enough to make a woman happy, provided she loved

"Yes, if-if-! That's just it!" cried Charley, springing up and pacing the room with a restless stride. "Women don't love nowadays-not

Allan looked up, half quizically "Ah, I thought there was something behind all this cynicism," he said. "You have been playing with the divine fire again. You and your Dul-einea are 'out!""

"Don't joke about, it Al, for heaven's, sake! It's a home thrust this time. Three weeks ago I thought my happiwas assured. The woman I loved had promised to marry me, and now, for the merest tritle, she has cast me aside. No wonder I have no faith in women

or their profession." "I'm sorry for it, Charley-indeed I am-and I hope it may only prove a lover's quarrel. But you must not expeet me to share your doubts. 1 will not deny it; I love Nora Lindsey with lock, I believe?"

her to be my wife." Well, I wish you success, Al. Forgive me for meddling. I only-The door opened and a rough old fellow came lumbering in-one of Allan's

Charley picked up his hat and left,

saying:

"I'll see you later." It was while Allan was engaged

with this client that the postman came in and threw down upon the desk a thick envelope, with a graceful superscription that contrasted strongly with the careless, dashing style of his business correspondence. Allan's heart bounded,

His patience hardly lasted until he was alone and could open the let-

It was rather longer than Miss Lindsey's favors usually were—two full sheets, beginning: "My dear Mr. Westlock," and ending: "Your friend always-Nora Lindsey."

"Your letter was really a favor," she

said on the first page. "Seaton is a pretty place, but horribly dull in winter. I shall be so glad to get back to Cambridge! It was very kind of you to ask me to go and see Bernhardt next Wednesday. It will give me great pleasure to do so.

Then the letter rambled on in a fourth page, when there was a com-

plete break, The second sheet did not go with the first at all. Neither the words nor the ideas were in any way con-

nected. Allan turned it over and over in new bewilderment, and finaly held it perfectly still, when these lines stared

him straight in the face. "I am only flirting with Mr. West lock, and leading him on for the sake of amusement. Don't distress yourself, my dear Blanche. I know what

is best for my own happiness. I shall never marry a man whom I do not ed. The paper trembled in Allan's hands, and he gasped for breath.

"Good heaven's!" he cried hoarsely "What does this mean?" Slowly it dawned upon him that

by some mistake, a part of another letter, not intended for his eyes, had been inclosed in the envelope that bore his address. But what did it reveal to him. Allan crushed the fatal sheet in his

hand, and sank down in a chair with a pale, distorted countenance. It was hours before he could command himself; but once he gained the

mastery, he drew from his pocket two been led to suppose you are." theatre tickets, and, taking up a sheet of elegant notepaper, wrote as fol-"MY DEAR MISS LANDSRY : Circum- ask her to be your wife."

stances compel me to recall my invi- A change came over Allan's face, tation for next Wednesday. I enclose and for a moment he clooked at his you the tickets. You have so many friend sadly. attendants that I am sure you will not want for an escort. Hoping you will enjoy the performance, I am, yours truly, "ALLAN WESTLOCK."

"Charley," he said, "I wouldn't say this to any one but you. I am wretched. I love Nora Lindsey with my whole heart, but I have found out attendants that I am sure you will not

That was all! that she is utterly unworthy of me. You told me so, but at the time I was act of mine," he said, as he dropped this note in the box on his way frome to "I was blind, insane, irresponsible. happiness at an end forever; but she shall not know it. I will hide my suffering from her if I die for it!"

Charley cried. "She is the moliest woman I know. You love her and she loves you."

"Impossible!"

That evening, when society was about awakening to the touch of dissipation, Allan Westlock presented him-self in faultless attire in the parlor of Two days hence and I shall marry

You are not looking at all well this is I whom she loves-not you!"

ovening. Blanche Merle replied with a light youlaugh, whose studied indifference could not wholly deaden the ring of tempt to steal her from me?"

ne sad note. "It is dissipation, I suppose!" she answered, glancing half curiously into a diamond, mirror, that have into a diamond mirror that hung just ing at me! I will go to Blanche at opposite in a plush frame. "I have once!" cen to three balls this week. I was going to another to-night-the chari-

ty ball, you know but ""
"Why, I'd forgotten all about it! This is the night. Charley Leonard asked to see her alone, and was gave me a couple of tickets. He's one shown upstairs to the sitting room. of the managers."

Man as he was, and not at all interested in Miss Merle, Allan failed to of the room stood Miss Nora Lindnote the quick spasmodic twitching of sey.

"By the way Miss Blanche," he add- out. "I have something to say to ed carelessly, "let us take a look in you!" at the Charity, if you are not too

'She was too tired-worn out in soul her lovely face, and Blanche stood by and body-but here was a chance, to in mute surprise. hide her aching heart behind a mask

"I'll go-for a little while," she asented.

When she came down stairs again,

robe of shimmering white satin, embroidered with forgetmenots, trailed after her. Her eyes shone with an unusual

brilliancy; her cheeks were flushed, desperate face. and a cloud of lace enveloped her blonde hair.

"She is very levely to look upon,"
murmered Allan Westlock; but—" The image of Nora Lindsey's dark bewitching face, framed in a mass of tears. "Oh, Charley, Charley! Why glossy raven hair, her red lips and did you take me at my words? Why dazzling smile, her full smooth throat did you go away? of creamy olive, clasped by diamonds A look of unspeakable relief came scarcely brighter than her eyes-it over Allan's face.

rose up before him.

The night wore on. Blanche Merle's "little while" grew | The slight graceful figure swayed with their hearts, at least. It is all of the day, she rode home, pale, weary arms, and heartsick, she was Allan Westlock's promised wife.

The engagement was announced in lovely white face resting upon his due form the following week. Socie- breast. ty was taken by surprise, but the wedding day was fixed, and there could moment and she struggled to support e no mistake.

The weeks dragged on, and cards Miss Merle an Mr. Westlock.

Two weeks before the wedding, letter?" Charley Leonard sat in his office, resting his grave white face in his hands, when the door opened to admit a lady, heavily vailed.

"I used to consider myself so, "Char- something on the other sheet. i topmy whole soul, and I intend to ask ley answered with singular bitterness.

"Then you will oblige me," she went his on hastily. "I am a friend of Mr. "Nora," he said in deep thrilling Westlock's, too, and in view of his ap- tones, "the loss of you nearly killed proaching marriage, I wish to make a me, for I worship you with my whole settlement in his favor. But, for reas soul! There has been a mistake; but sons of my own, I do not wish him to one thing you did say. You said you know to whom he is indebted. Here would not marry a man you didn't are two thousand pound bonds, which love. Darling, may 1—dare I hope

"Two thousand pounds!" Charley cried. "Are you in earnest, mad-

"Here are the bonds," she said rather peremptorily, as she stretched out one little ungloved hand and laid the packet on the table.

As she did so Charley cought the flash of a magnificent rose-diamond, ter to patch out what she called the the owner of which he knew quite

"Miss Lindsey!" he cried, "Is it possible?" straighened up proudly the next me- satisfied.

ment, and threw back her vail.
"Yes it is I," she said with xueenly dignity. "Have not I the right to give him this money?" "But, Miss Lindsey, consider. Have

you thought—"
"Thought!" she burst forth passionately. "Have I thought of anything Then the letter rambled on in a pleasant way till the bottom of the Do as I ask you. The money is for Allan. Give it to him, but swear to me that you will not tell him it was I "Do not excite yourself so, Miss

Lindsey. You are ill, you-Promise me you will not tell-him! she cried frantically. "No, no; certainly not. Her passion was subdued in a mo-

"There is only one thing more I have to ask of you," she said abruptly, "Forget this visit. Let it be as though

it never had been. "If you wish it," Charley answer-And he had barely uttered the words

ere she was gone. On the table lay the packet of bonds. "I was wrong," he muttered. "She-

did love him after all. It was Allan who was trifling with her." That evening, for the first time in months, he called upon Allan.

"Where have you been hiding your-self?" his friend cried, holding out a hand which Charley ignored entirely.

"I cannot shake hands with you, Allan," he said abruptly, "till I am sure you are not the knave I have "How?"

"Why did you lie to me about Miss Philadelphia Call. Lindsey? You told me you meant to

"Impossible!"
"It is true."
"You are beside yourself, Charley.

a pretty up-town residence. Miss Merle. Hot rolls—Those in a city box "How fortunate I am to find you at "No, you must not?" Charley cried house bed on an August night.

home!" be murmered, as he beat over excitedly. "You shall not wreck the the slender white hand of a tall grace- happiness of four lives at once! There ful girl in an exquisite dress of pale is yet time. Allan. Retreat! You bine surah. "But what have you must—you shall! Blanche Merle was been deing to yourself Miss Blanche? to have been my wife-not yours! It

"You, Charley? Was it she who "Yes, it was she! How dared yount-

Allan's face was very white.

"Not without me!"

"You may come." They both presented themselves at Miss Merle's an hour later, but Allan As he drew aside the heavy portiere he started back, for in the center

her mouth, the dropping of her eyelids, and deepening pallor of her face, when Charley Leonard's name was mentioned.

"Good-bye, Blanche," she was saying. "I shall not be at the wedding, but I wish you every joy."

"Stay, Miss Lindsey!" Allan cried

"Mr. Westlock!" she stammered, while every vestige of color forsook

"Miss Merle." Allan went on ab ruptly, "I have known ever since you promised to be my wife that I had no old on your heart. To-day I have And Allan went for a carriage, heard what leads me to suppose that while she arrayed herself in a brilliant you entered into your engagement with me in a moment of pique. Is it

> Blanche sank down into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. At the same moment Charley Leonard confronted her with a white and

"Tell him the truth before it is too GEN'L. late!" he cried hoarsely. "You love me, Blanche. You belong to me!" "Yes," she gasped, flinging herself upon his breast, and bursting into MILLIGAN COLLEGE,

"Thank God it is not too late!" he But he shut his teeth and tried said fervently. "Blanche, you are to banish even her name from his free. Forgive me, but I have never loved von. I-ah-Miss Lindsey are you ill!"

longer, and when, towards the dawn forward, and fell-half-fainting into his "Come away!" Charley whispered and Allan was left alone with that

Her delicate cyclids unclosed in a

herself "Sit down," he said, drawing her incame out finally for the marriage of to a chair, "and tell me once for all. did you mean what you said in this

"There was some mistake," she faltered, "I wrote to you and to Blanche LIFE & FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS "You are Mr. Leonard?" she queried on the same afternoon; I sent you somewhat nervously, but in a voice part of her letter, and her part of that awakened echoes in his memory; yours; but indeed I did not say this... 'you are a friend of-of-Mr. West- that-that- Oh, there was something left out! I am sure there was-

Allan caught her little hand

you will marry me?"

He gathered her to his arms as he spoke, and her lips were so close he ould easily hear the half-whispered

"Which means?" he asked tenderly. "That I love you very much. The last ray of doubt was cleared way when Blanche brought ber let-

'epistolary puzzle." You know me too well to think that I am flirting with Mr. Westlock," etc., was the way the let-

She drew back with a start, but ter read then, and Allan was wholly

Got It Naturalized. 1 1 "Did ye hear that Patsy Mulcahy hat got a jeb in the college brass

"Ye don't mean Patsy that come from the ould country last year." "It's that same."

"An' he plays in a band?"

"He does." "I don't believe it."

band?"

"Well, I believe me own earsight, Didn't I hear him toot on a silver bugle meself." "Ah, git out! They wouldn't let a

man wid an Irish accint play in an American band." "Yis, but they do let Patsy play." "Well, thin, he must have had that

progue av his naturalized." The School Boys Progress.

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on third, but I am on first now. Fond Parent-Glad to hear it, my son. Always try to be first. There is fifteen cents for your industry. Johnny-Ain't that nice! I'll try to get higher yet.

Fond Parent-Higher? How can you be higher than first? Johnny-Easy enough. I can get to be short stop or pitcher.-From the

"Is yer larnin' ennything at skule Thomas Jeffe'son?" "Yes, fader."

"How many am two times two dozen "Four dozen."

"All good 'uns?" "Yes, fader."

"No, dey isn't. You nebber seed four dozen all good aigs in dis town. Yer pergress back'ards, sah' Yer know'd more'n dat afore yer went to skule, sah. Two times two dozen aigs ain't but about free dezen and a half, your BAGGAGE, and render you value sah. D'ye heah me?"

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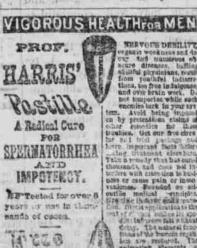
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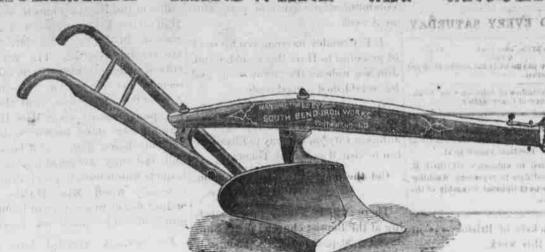
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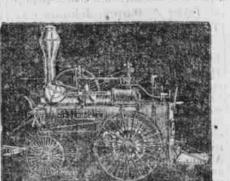
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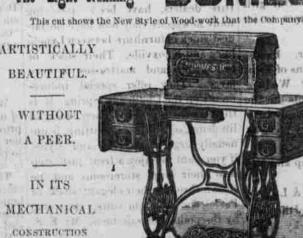
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